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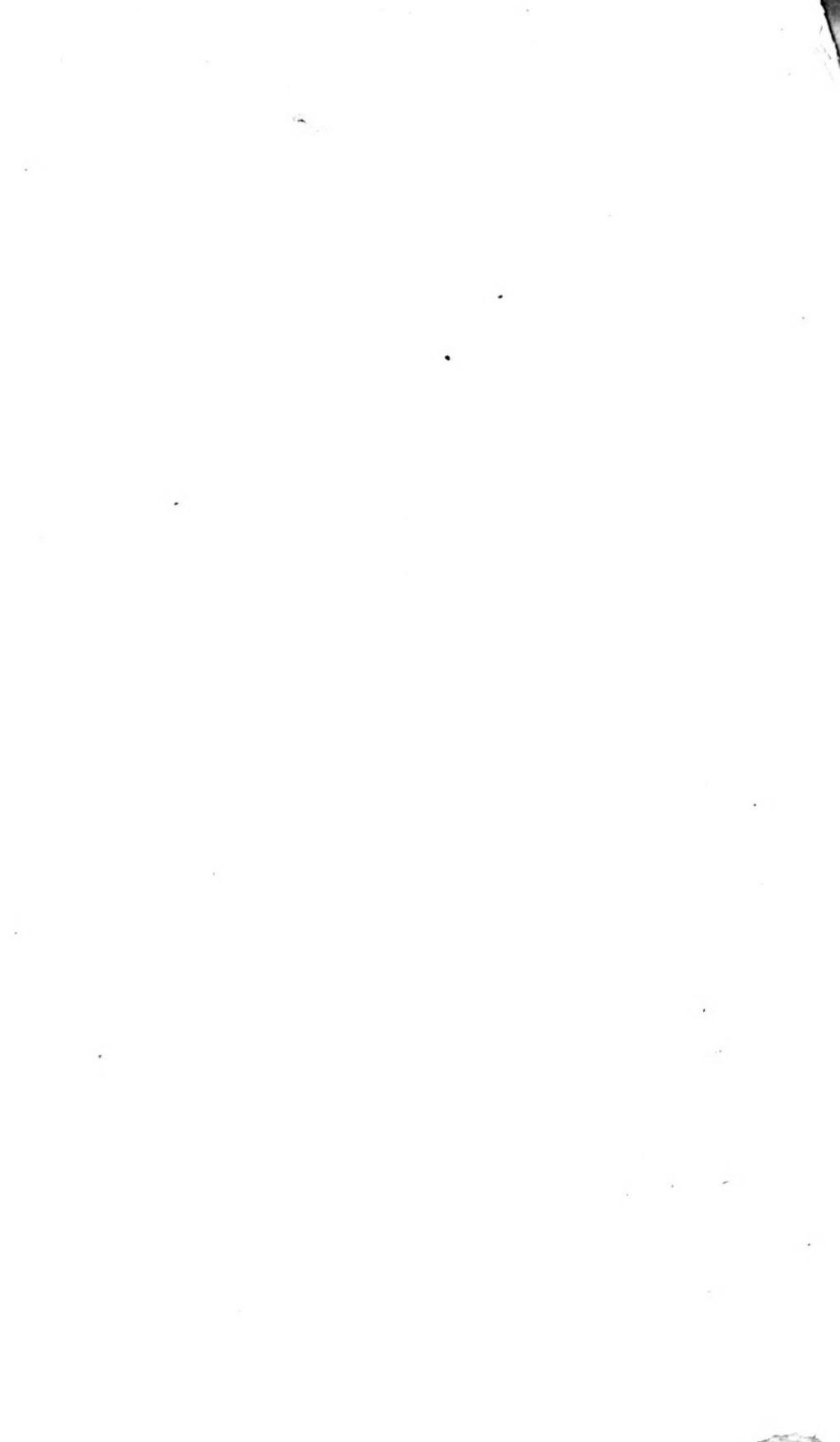
Presented by A. G. Cameron, Ph.D.

Division

Section

SCC
8290







5

GOD'S REVENGE

AGAINST

A D U L T E R Y,

AWFULLY EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FOLLOWING CASES

OF

AMERICAN CRIM. CON.

- I. THE ACCOMPLISHED DR. THEODORE WILSON, (DELAWARE,) WHO FOR SEDUCING MRS. NANCY WILEY, HAD HIS BRAINS BLOWN OUT BY HER HUSBAND.
- II. THE ELEGANT JAMES ONEALE, ESQ. (NORTH CAROLINA,) WHO FOR SEDUCING THE BEAUTIFUL MISS MATILDA LES- TRANGE, WAS KILLED BY HER BROTHER.



BY MASON L. WEEMS,

AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON



BALTIMORE:

PRINTED BY RALPH W. POMEROY & CO

1815.

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, *to wit:*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this twenty-fourth
***** day of December, in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence
* * * * * of the United States of America, Mason L. Weems,
* * * * * SEAL of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of
* * * * * a book; the right whereof he claims as author, in the words
* * * * * and figures following, to wit:

"God's Revenge against Adultery, Awfully Exemplified in the following Cases of American Crim. Con. I. The accomplished Dr. "Theodore Wilson, (Deleware) who, for seducing Mrs. Nancy Wiley, "had his brains blown out by her husband. II. The elegant James "Oneal, Esq. (North Carolina) who, for seducing the beautiful Miss "Matilda Lestrange, was killed by her brother. By M. L. Weems,
"author of the Life of Washington."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act entitled, "An Act supplementary to the act, entitled, 'An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints."

PHILLIP MOORE,
Clerk of the District of Maryland.

—————
The charming glow of virtuous love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt the lawless rove,
Though nothing should divulge it.

For mortal hate will sure ensue,
When brutal lust's abated;
And wounds and death are ever due,
To husband's rights invaded.....BURNS.

God's Revenge against Adultery.

When thy judgments are abroad in the earth the inhabitants of the world will learn **WISDOM**.—*Isaiah xxvi. 9.*

DOCTOR Theodore Wilson, the chief actor in this tragedy, was a native of Lewistown in the state of Delaware. His father was a Presbyterian preacher, greatly celebrated through all that country for his piety and active charity, in which latter grace he found so much pleasure that he studied physic, on purpose that like his divine master he might heal the corporeal as well as the spiritual maladies of his people.

For his medicines and attendance on the poor he made no charge. But while thus attentive to the happiness of others he did not neglect his own. From the numerous flocks which he fed, he early selected what the prophet happily terms—a *little ewe-lamb*, i. e. a sweet faced, blushing maiden whom he consecrated to himself in holy wedloek. “*She did eat of his own bread and drank of his own cup, and did lie in his bosom, and was unto him better than a daughter.*”

Struck with the angel-like beauty of his first born, the delighted father called him **THEODORE**, which in the Greek language signifies “**THE FAIR GIFT OF GOD.**” For a considerable time it was believed by his friends that his title had been well chosen; for as he grew in years he grew also in such charms both of mind and body, that all were persuaded he would one day or other make good his name, and prove himself indeed a “choicer gift of God” to the world.

As he advanced to manhood the blossoms of hope thickened upon him, and by the time he had reached his one and twentieth year his friends beheld him in circumstances uncommonly flattering; a finished scholar—a graduated physician—remarkable for the beauty of his person and the splendour of his talents, which heightened by a most graceful eloquence and polished manners rendered

him the admiration of all, especially of the FAIR SEX, from among whom at this early period he selected an amiable partner. His wife was an heiress, the only daughter of my worthy old friend colonel Simon Kollock, of Indian river. About the twenty-fifth year of his life he was called to the sad office of closing his father's eyes. As the elder son he then took possession of the old mansion-house in Lewistown the place of his nativity, and there sat down in a situation of uncommon promise of useful and happy life. Young, handsome, wealthy, accomplished—the husband of an elegant woman—the father of two beautiful babes—and extensively engaged in the beneficent and lucrative duties of a physician. But alas! notwithstanding all this, we are constrained to say of doctor Wilson, what the holy scriptures, after much praise of him, say of Naaman the Syrian, *but he was a leper!* He was infected with that most shameful and uneasy of all diseases, an incurable lust ~~after~~ after strange women.

The passion for the lovely sex is an instinct of our nature so highly fascinating as to require all the aids of religion to preserve it within its proper limits. **HEAVEN ORDERED MARRIAGE.** And indeed with all these aids it has too often been known to break forth into sad acts of guilt and shame, as even the holy David and Solomon have testified to their lasting sorrow. If then the saint, with the bible daily in his hands, can scarcely stand, how sure must be the fall of those who indulge themselves in profane publications?

Of this much to be lamented class was the imprudent doctor Wilson. According to his friend and kinsman governor Hall, this elegant young man owed his early downfall to reading ‘PAINE’S AGE OF REASON.’ He was in the full vigour of twenty-five when he heard of this libertine publication. The noise which it made in the world insured to it an eager reader in doctor Wilson; and by his boundless ardour for animal pleasures he was already prepared to give Mr. Paine rather more than fair play, and even to swallow with delight his bold slanders of the bible, and his still bolder conclusions that all revelation is

but a trick of self-seeking priests. On gaining this point he was to be happy. He might then riot and revel in the sties of brutal pleasure and never more dread the gospel trumpet sounding the dismal doom of adulterers. In short, hating religion because of the trouble it gave him in his sins, he determined to be done with it, and accordingly threw aside his father's good old family bible, and for a surer guide to pleasure took up the **AGE OF REASON!** As a man going on a forlorn hope wishes all the company he can get, so this infatuated gentleman, not content with going to perdition himself, appears to have been desirous to take along with him all the recruits that he could muster. Among others whom he wished to enlist was his excellency David Hall, at that time governour of the state, and from whom I received most of the outlines of this history.

The doctor often attaeked governour Hall on the subject of his religion; and in the heat of declamation against it would so far lose sight of politeness as often to brand it with the epithets of "*priestcraft, superstition, nonsense*"

"Well but, doctor," answered the governour, as he told me himself, "I wonder how you came to be such an enemy to this religion; your father was a great admirer of it, and I am sure if we may judge by its effects on *him* you have no cause to dislike it, for it made a most excellent man of him."

"True, sir," replied the doctor, "my father was a good man, but I don't thank his religion for it. I am sure his religion, like his name, was a mere hereditary thing. He never looked into the *evidences* of it or the *reasons* he had for it."

"Aye, doctor!" answered the governour, "if you come to that I am sure you must soon get yourself into a hobble; for as to the *evidences* of the gospel you will certainly never undertake to deny that they are what reason entirely approbates. For, sir, what does the gospel teach but that there is a God—that he desires above all things the happiness of man—that he delights in virtue,

and has prepared a glorious heaven wherein all the virtuous shall be happy for ever? Is not this reason, sir, and the most excellent reason too? And what does the gospel command, but that we should *love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourself?* And will you say, sir that this is not *reason?* Is it not reason to love the **GREATEST** and **BEST** of all beings and he too our Creator? And is it not reason to love our neighbour who is our own flesh and blood, especially too when that love would not only root bitter hate and malice out of our hearts and put a total end to all bloody retaliation and revenge, but would actually make us feel our neighbours dear to us as brothers, and rejoice in their happiness as our own—thus multiplying our joys, and turning earth into heaven?"

"All that's well enough, sir," answered the doctor. "all that's well enough. But what do you think of God's being born in the flesh and dying for our sins!—dying for such reptiles as we are!! Is't that enough to make a man's hair stand upon his head?"

"Yes, sir, with wonder at the divine goodness."

"No, sir, with wonder rather of human madness."

"Human *Wisdom*, you should have said, doctor."

"*Wisdom*, indeed! heavens! is it possible, sir, you can give to such absurdity the name of *Wisdom*?"

"Yes, I look on it as wisdom, as the sublime of wisdom, sir. I look on the redemption of miserable man as that stupendous kind of goodness which is exactly in character with God, and therefore just what we had a right to expect from him. I am a sinner, doctor, a grievous sinner, and I want comfort, I want a sure comfort, sir. In a matter of such high concern as the pardon of my sins and eternal life I don't want to be thrown like the deists on the mere conjectures of nature, *hoping* to day and *despairing* to morrow. No sir, I want all the certainties of a revelation. And blessed be God, who in his infinite mercy has condescended to come in human shape into the world, to assure me that if I sincerely repent of my sins and repose my faith on him, in a new life of

PURITY AND LOVE, my sins shall all be forgiven me, and I shall be restored to his favour and peace here and to eternal happiness hereafter."

To these reasonings though so clearly derived from the moral character of God, and so pregnant with consolation to poor mortals conscious of guilt and misery as we are, the doctor could return no answer but scoff and ridicule. Hereupon the governour cut the conversation short, as he told me, by the following reply, "well, doctor Wilson, hear me once for all—I honour the memory of your excellent old father, and I have a great friendship for you; it will therefore never do for me to quarrel with you; and especially about *religion*, of which I know I have not half as much as I ought to have; but still, the little that I possess affords me so much comfort that I would not give it up for ten thousand worlds. So doctor, if you value my friendship never attempt to shake my faith again as long as you live."

But though doctor Wilson could not succeed in prosecuting the governour to infidelity he too fatally succeeded in confirming himself in a contempt of all sacred obligations. The strong reins of religion being thus broken from the neck of his passions, he was at full liberty to rush on to the fair but fatal fields of sensuality with all the eagerness of a warm and vigorous youth of twenty-five.

Who, or how many, were the amorous dames in whose embraces he sought that happiness which the great king Solomon in vain sought in the arms of a thousand of the brightest maids of the east, we know not. But this we know, that the connexion which wrought his ruin and which furnishes the subject of this tragedy was with Mrs. Nauey Wiley. This lady, the wife of Mr. James Wiley tavern-keeper in Lewistown, was blest, or rather as it turned out, was curst, with an extraordinary portion of beauty. Her person whether she walked or danc'd was sufficient, I am told, to give the delighted beholders a fine idea of the queen of love. And her face was not inferior to her form; with features regular and finely proportioned and a mouth whose dimpled smiles were

perfect enchantment. She possessed a pair of large sparkling eyes which shed such subtle streams of sweetness into all hearts that none could behold her without tumults of delight. This is but a feeble outline of that loveliness which the hand that made her had poured over her person. Oh had her mind been proportionably adorned with the charms of prudence and piety, those two wretched gentlemen doctor Wilson and her husband had never been brought down to their early graves in such floods of sorrow and blood. But alas! it fared with Mrs. Wiley, when young, as it does with many a sweet maiden that promises to be handsome—she was shamefully neglected as to her mind.

“What an angel that girl would be,” said a sensible friend to her mother, “if she could but receive the polish of a good education!”

“Never mind; let Nancy alone;” retorted the silly mother, “she will be angel enough I’ll be bound, for her, without education.” And thus, even to this day, many a christian mother, in bringing up her daughter, goes on to accord with that silly old ballad which used to divert us in the nursery—

*“And what’s young women made of, made of?
Pinks and roses, and such sweet posies, that’s what
young women’s made of.”*

Thus actually degrading the immortal fair to the level of garden flowers! the mere creatures of colours, and perfumes! Alas! what pity it is that heaven-destined woman should suffer herself to be cheated of far more than half her beauties! and that because of her pretty lips and cheeks, all faces are brightened with sweet surprise when she enters the room, and all the young men are jostling each other to reach a chair or pick up her glove, she should so confide in these short-lived beauties of the body as to neglect those immortal beauties of the mind WISDOM and PIETY, which furnish the best securities of innocent and honourable life!

Such cruel neglect of parents to direct their daughters to the pleasures of the mind has been the ruin of many a fine girl. It proved, in the sequel, the ruin of the bear-

tiful Mrs. Wiley. Having never been taught to polish that immortal jewel her soul, she had nothing left but to polish the poor casket her body—to trinket it up in gaudy attire—to perfume it with sweet odours—to blanch its skin—to whiten its teeth—to curl its tresses, making it in this way, the goddess of her devotions. Thus idolized by herself, she expected, of course, that her dear person should be idolized by all others. And those were most sure of her favour who most flattered her vanity.

No man need be a conjurer to predict that the first interview between doctor Wilson and Mrs. Wiley should produce an unbounded idolatry on both sides, and also that the result would be but little honourable to Mrs. Wiley or her husband. How long this giddy fair one listened to the fatal voice of the charmer before she was prevailed on to violate her marriage vows is not certain, but it is generally believed that it was a considerable time before it was even suspected by her injured partner. The truth is, Mr. Wiley was a gay, warm hearted young Irishman, a character but little prone to jealousy. And besides, there were in his nature several other obstacles to jealousy, all growing out of the same amiable warmth of soul. Never was a man more wrapped up in another than he was in doctor Wilson. About the time of his first settling in Lewistown he had been brought to death's door by a most violent attack of the bilious fever. After all other medical aid had failed, doctor Wilson was sent for; and in a few days, contrary to all expectations, restored him to his family and life again. His gratitude became unbounded. He spoke of doctor Wilson as his saviour and thought he could never do enough for him. Nothing appeared to give him so much pleasure as doctor Wilson's company, and he was always contriving some fond expedient to obtain it. If he could get a finer fish or a ne'er haunch of venison than ordinary, doctor Wilson must be sure to come and dine with him. And if any travellers of more than common rank called for the night at his tavern, he must send for the doctor to sup and spend the evening with him.

One so beloved is not apt to be suspected. And in favour of one thus beloved we are apt to make a thousand apologies. Henee when a friend once observed to him that he thought doetor Wilson was rather too familiar with Mrs. Wiley, he replied, "*Pshaw! the doctor is a finished gentleman, sir, and I look on his attention to my wife as a compliment to me!*" The whispers of suspicion were however so frequently sounded in his ears that it began at last to make him uneasy; and stepping accidentally one day into his chamber when it was thought by his wife that he was gone abroad, he caught the doe-tor on the sofa with Mrs. Wiley in his lap, leaning her cheek against his bosom, he fondly encircling her in his arms and printing *burning kisses* on her lips.

Had hell itself been suddenly exposed to his view, it could hardly have struck him with equal horrour. His heart still clinging to its loves, would have given worlds for a ray of hope, for a *show* of apology for them. But alas! there was none. In their deep confusion and crimson blushes he too plainly read their guilt. Then for the first time he felt the pangs of jealousy, that dreadful passion which like a two-edged sword of hell stabs to death his repose, not only the present but the *past*.—Things which in the confidence of love had passed quite unnoticed, now rush on his mind as proofs of blackest guilt, *their long evening walks together! their frequent ridings out in his gig!* He raves to think he should have been so blind. He curses his easy credulity which had suffered such barefaced baseness to pass so long unmarked.

Had he wanted any further proof of their guilt he might have found it abundantly in the altered conduct of his wife; for as *no man can serve two masters*, so no woman can love two men. The husband and the gallant cannot long hold an equal place in her affections, she will cleare to the one and despise the other. The woman whose *price is above rubies* has no eye, no ear, no heart but for her husband. Wrapped up in him she remains happily indifferent to others. "*Has not your husband a very bad breath?*" said a Demirep to a wife of this exel-

lent sort. “*Indeed,*” replied the lady very innocently, “*I don’t know. I never smelted any other gentleman’s breath but my dear husband’s.*”

But Mrs. Wiley was not one of this high character. She had an eye to wander and make comparisons. This was a loosing game to her husband: for doctor Wilson, as we before hinted, was an Apollo in his form, and a Chesterfield in his manners, which added to the elat of his talents, and his serviceableness as a physician, gave him a wonderful popularity in Lewistown, and the neighbouring country. No wonder that such a gallant should too fatally have succeeded against poor Mr. Wiley in the affections of his wife. This was but too visible in every part of her behaviour towards him. She studiously avoided his company of which she used to be so fond—her looks were no longer bright with smiles—her eyes no more beamed with tenderness—and even in the bed sanctified by hymen, she would turn from him as with disgust, and toss and sigh like one whose heart was set upon some absent love.

If there be a trial in life, which more than any other requires the mighty supports of philosophy and religion, it is this. And had Mr. Wiley been either a Socrates or a Paul, he might have sustained the shock with fortitude. The baseness of his friend, and the falsehood of his wife, would have taught him more highly to prize the immortal charms of virtue, and to rejoice in the recollection that he had placed his heart on a nobler love than a faithless woman’s smiles. But alas! poor Wiley was no philosopher nor christian. No hopes had he beyond those of time and sense—no joys in reversion to console him under sorrows in hand. His all was at stake in the present life. To make money; and to enjoy it with his friend and wife, was all that he wished for; and his wishes appeared to be in a fair way to be gratified. From his tavern, which he had raised to great credit; he was deriving a handsome revenue. In doctor Wilson he had a friend whom he so highly valued, that, as governour Hall assured me, he would have gone through fire and

water to serve him. And on his beautiful wife he so doated that he could scarcely bear her out of his sight.

A heart long wedded to objects so dear, could hardly, without breaking, be divorced from them at once; and least of all in a way so bitter to reflection. Had they been snatched from him in the ordinary ways of mortality, the loss, though grievous, might have been borne. He might have reflected that it was the will of heaven, and ought to be acquiesced in—he might have consoled himself with the sweet remembrance of their virtues, and the hopes of being reunited to them in some happier world, where parting is no more. But to have been robbed of all, by such accursed means—such brutal lust and adultery! such hellish ingratitude and baseness! the thought is intolerable. Like an envenomed dart it stings him to the soul, and leaves a poison in the wound, which nothing can ever heal. And while all within him is anguish, all without serves but to aggravate the misery which he suffers from his wife's infidelity. The night, which was so short when spent in her sweet embraces, now seems like a dark eternity—the morning, that was wont to catch a double brightness from her opening eyes, now comes on joyless and hateful—his gardens and fields, that shone so gay in the days of his love, are now covered with sadness—his labours that were so pleasant when sweetened by affection, are now entirely neglected. A dark angry sullenness generally lours on his brow, but still his looks, like an Indian sky, exhibit the most sudden and violent changes. One while, perfectly calm, he sits, and with eyes rivetted on her beauteous face, he gazes and gazes, till overcome with tender remembrance of the past, his colour changes, his cheeks swell, his eyes redden and fill, then striking his hand against his forehead with gushing tears and cries he sobs out, *oh Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!* Then again as if struck with the horrid thought that she is no longer his Nancy! that though his wedded wife, she is no longer his! but that with all her charms—her soul melting eyes—her fragrant bosom, and sweet delicious person, all, all are the willing banquet

for a hated rival to riot on! he kindles into rage indescribable—then bounding over the floor, like an unchained maniac, with darkened brows, and gnashing teeth he hurls his arms, and darts at her such looks as if he would tear her into a thousand pieces.

This deadly heat of Mr. Wiley against doctor Wilson was well known to the friends of the latter, who dreading the consequences, earnestly advised him to discontinue his visits to Mr. Wiley's tavern as a place by no means safe for him. But whether he thought such a course would be construed as an acknowledgment of guilt; or whether he could not give up the pleasure of Mrs. Wiley's company, is not known; but so it was, he still continued his visits as formerly. He did not however continue them long before he came to that bloody end which his friends had all along dreaded.

The manner of his death was as follows. The reader will here please allow me to premise this sad narrative with another equally awful and true. It is considerably out of the ordinary track of nature I confess: but if he be a philosopher he will not deem it, on that account, the less certain. According to the most sober and authentic writers, many persons have been favoured with a presentiment of their approaching fate. It was so with this unhappy gentleman. The ghost of his mother, who had been dead many years, appeared to him in the deep sleep of night. He knew her to be his mother. Clad in the cold shroud of the grave she stood at the foot of his bed. In the days of his innocence the sight of his mother had always filled him with joy. But alas! his guilty life had killed that joy, and now all that he felt in her presence was strong terror, which held him motionless and mute. After looking at him steadily in mournful silence, which she did for some time, she stretched her pale hand, and in the low and hollow voice of the tomb, thus addressed him—“*Wretched young man, thy grave is opening to receive thee. Oh repent! repent! repent!*” This said, with a deep sigh she vanished, giving him a look of unutterable tenderness mingled with sorrow. He star-

ted in his bed with violence, and uttered a piercing shriek. Roused from her slumbers, and filled with equal terrors, his wife embraceed him. By a candle, that had been lighted on account of a sick child, she saw his countenance. It was pale as the visage of death, and his eyes stareing forward with the glare of horror, “*Oh my dear husband what’s the matter,*” she cried “*for God’s sake What’s the matter?*”

“*Oh my mother! my mother!*” was all that he could reply.

“*What of your mother, my dearest husband, what of your mother?*” she asked.

He then told her what he had seen; and also what he had heard. She endeavoured to persuade him that it was only a dream. But in vain. He insisted it was a call from the invisible world, and that he felt an inward conviction he should die soon. It was several hours to day, but he could sleep no more. To please Mrs. Wilson, whom with great emphasis he called the *best wife in the world*, he sat down to breakfast but took nothing but a cup of coffee. He then went to his book-ease, and taking down the *age of reason* threw it into the fire, saying at the same time, “*cursed book! it was you that helped to undo me!*” After this he called for his father’s bible and embraced it with great tenderness; and as he read in it shed many tears. To divert his mind Mrs. Wilson proposed a walk in the open air, and taking him on one side and her little son on the other, arm and arm they walked forth to his favourite garden. The day was uncommonly fine. There was no cloud in the sky to obscure the sun, which now half way up heaven, shone like a shield of burnished gold dazzling the earth with his glory. Rejoicing in his beams, the garden plants put on their richest robes, delighting all eyes, and filling the air with their cheering odours. “*Who can look at all this,*” said Mrs. Wilson with great sprightliness, “*and not be happy?*”

It only serves to make me sad; replied he with a deep sigh.

"O my husband, how can you talk so?"

"I can't talk otherwise," said he, "when I see so much beauty and loveliness around me, how can I but be sad to think I am so soon to leave it all for ever! I have often thought it a fearful thing to die, but never felt it so horrible as at this dreadful hour. Would to God I had never been born!"

"How, my beloved husband, can you utter such a wish, and join the blessed name of God with it too?"

Doctor W. Because it is *he* that makes me do it. It is my dread of *him* that makes existence a curse and futurity so frightful.

Mrs. W. O why will you take up such unworthy thoughts of God?

Doctor W. I can't think of him but as a hater of the wicked.

Mrs. W. As a hater of our sins, my dear, but not of ourselves. He hates our sins, but he loves us. O see these bright and lovely scenes around us! this earth with all its flowery beauties, yon heavens with all their dazzling glories! had they ten thousand thousand tongues, could they speak louder than they now do, that God is LOVE, and that he infinitely desires our happiness. And least, through the force of black despair, we should sometimes miss of this blest conclusion, he has given us a still brighter evidence, he has given us the gospel, to assure us that God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have EVERLASTING LIFE—and—"

Here he interrupted her by eagerly calling out, "*prove this! prove this!* only prove that God did indeed send his son into the world to save such a wretched as *me*, and I ask no more. I shall die of joy and gratitude on the spot."

"Well my dear," said she, "let me ask you in the first place, is it not worthy of God to save the wretched? Is it not what we had a right to expect of so all-benevolent a being as God?"

At this he started, giving her a quick look, as if struck with a new and welcome idea, and eagerly replied, "yes, it is worthy indeed of God to save the wretched. If I knew any of the vilest reptiles, even toads or serpents, to be but half as wretched as I am, I would do a great deal to relieve them."

Mrs. W. Well then, my dear, dear husband, how much greater joy must God take in relieving us, who are so much better than all reptiles? For, as our blessed Saviour says, "*if you who are evil can do such good things, how much more must your heavenly father do them?*"

At this he caught her in his arms, exclaiming "*O Polly! Polly! what an angel you are to bring me such comfort!*" and embræed her with tears. Presently, as if relapsing into his old doubts, he said, *but are you sure that this blessed news is true?*"

"Yes, my dear husband," replied she with a voice of transport, "these things are true, gloriously true indeed. Yonder sun does not shine brighter in the sweet heavens, than these things do in the blessed gospel. And surely they are both from the same hand. For as none but God can be the source of such glorious light and heat as are in the sun, so none but God can be the author of such MIRACLES, and DOCTRINES OF LOVE as are in the gospel."

Here he again tenderly embraced her, saying "*O what a dear preacher you are to me! Would God I had always followed such divine counsel from you and my dear old father! But I hope it is not yet too late!*" He then returned with Mrs. Wilson to the house, apparently much comforted. Seeing that from loss of sleep and great agitation of mind, he seemed much exhausted, she insisted that he should go and take a little repose. He laid down but could not sleep; neither at dinner could he be prevailed on to eat any thing. In the afternoon, to divert his gloom, Mrs. Wilson invited several of her favourite female friends, chiefly of the younger sort, to come to tea and pass the evening with her. Sometime, however, before they came, governour Hall hearing that he was un-

well, came to see him, and insisted he should take a walk. On their way back, it so happened that they came near Mr. Wiley's tavern. At sight of this house, the doctor, governour Hall states, seemed much disturbed, his colour changed, and with a deep sigh, he uttered something in broken sounds, like "*shame! shame! scene of my folly!*"

Thinking that some stimulus would be seasonable, the governour proposed to him to step in and take a little wine. "*I feel a strange depression of spirits,*" replied he; *so let us go home; and besides, I dont want to see that vile woman any more.*" The governour was overjoyed to hear this from him; and rejoined that Mrs. Wiley was not at home, for that he saw her riding into the country that morning—*so as you seem a good deal exhausted,*" continued the governour, *let us take something to revive us, and after that we will go on to your house.*" Accordingly they stepped in, and took their seats in the large dining room, which happened to be entirely free of company. Presently a decanter of wine was brought in, though not by Mr. Wiley, and placed with a couple of glasses on the table. Finding that the doctor was considerably revived by a glass or two of the wine which he had prevailed on him to take, the governour very good naturally endeavoured to keep up his spirits, and to that end he introduced a topick of which he knew the doctor had for some time been *very fond, i. e.* an exchance of horses. The governour had, it seems, an elegant horse which the doctor very much wanted as a fine match for one that he owned. A liberal offer was now made on the part of the governour, which instantly produced the desired effect of rousing the doetors's attention. In that critical moment, sitting in his arm chair and resting his forehead on the top of his cane, as if absorbed in thought, Mr. Wiley entered the room.—Governour Hall saw him come in, and marked the frown on his brow, and also knew that he had no good will for doctor Wilson, but not suspecting his hellish intention, and seeing that he appeared to be moving towards his bar, he turned again to the doctor. But, in place of going

on to his bar, Mr. Wiley paused soon as he saw the doctor's unguarded posture, and stepping up to him, with all hell in his face, clapped a pistol to his temple and shot him through the head, crying out, as the pistol went off, "*there, God damn you, take that!*"

Seeing the horrid deed that was done, governour Hall instantly leaped from his chair, and catching Mr. Wiley by the collar exclaimed, "*you damned villian, have you killed doctor Wilson?*"

"*Yes, replied he with the sullen firmness of a desperado, "I have killed him and now you may kill me.*

The report of the pistol soon brought in a crowd of people who at the instance of governour Hall, searched Mr. Wiley's pocket and found another pistol that had been put there, it seems, to be used in case the first had missed fire.

Poor Mrs. Wilson, ignorant of her husband's fate, was sitting at her tea-table in fine spirits, dishing out tea for a party of female friends who had come to spend the evening. She had also just sent for her husband and governour Hall to come up and join them. The messenger, who was a little servant lad, having arrived at the tavern just in time to see the murder of his master, instantly posted back to his mistress on wings of lightning, and utterly thoughtless of consequences flew into the room crying out to his, mistress, "*oh madam, master is killed! Mr. Wiley killed him. I saw him lying on the floor with his brains running out!*" As if herself shot through the heart poor Mrs. Wilson, pale as a corpse, sunk with a deep groan to the floor. The cries of her children, and the shrieks of the ladies beggar all description.

The doctor's younger brother Mr. James Wilson, now an eminent preacher in Philadelphia, was in the company. The sudden report of his brother's murder, and the distressing scene around him wrought his youthful brain to frenzy. Snatching a loaded pistol that hung in an adjoining bedroom, he flew to the tavern. The sight of his eldest brother, a brother who had always been to him a father lying weltering in his blood, completed his delirium of rage and stiffened his arm for destruction. He

rushed up to the murderer, and thrusting the pistol against his heart drew the trigger. The pistol refused to go off. He furiously cocked and tried it a second time, but with no better success; Mr. Wiley, all the time, looking at him with the dark smile of one who courted death. Discovering what young Mr. Wilson was about, governour Hall seized his arm, and crying, '*my God! what! are we all turning murderers!*' took the pistol from him, and for fear of farther mischief stepped to the window and tried it on the empty air. The pistol then went off very clear! and yet some people will not believe in a particular providence for all. Mr. Wiley, loaded with irons, was presently lodged in prison, where he lay till the next court. His trial soon terminated in his condemnation. On hearing his sentence of death he cried out with a bitter cry, "*there Nancy! you have done it at last! you have done it at last! you have murdered me who always loved you so!*" and burst into tears. But it was plain that his tears were not from any grief for himself that he was going to die; but from thinking that his death should have been brought on him by one whom he had always so dearly loved.

But though the horribleness of the crime had very justly sentenced this unhappy man to the gallows, yet it would seem that he was not destined to die in that way. His friends petitioned for a pardon to the governour, who happened at that time to be I. Basset Esq'r. father-in-law to the honourable I. A. Bayard Esq'r. late one of the United States envoys at Ghent.

Fortunately for Mr. Wiley, the governour had long been a married man, and singularly blest in that state, which for its influence on the population, morals, and happiness of mankind, appeared to him so sacred that he thought he could never sufficiently abhor the villain who should dare to violate it sanctities. Soon therefore as he heard of this horrid crime of doctor Wilson—what rare advantages he had posessed of person, wit, wealth, and high standing above thousands—and yet how impiously he had marred and damned all by setting these precious gift of heaven to do the work of hell—to work

the disgrace and ruin of a poor honest man who all but adored him—to sow jealousy and mortal hate betwixt that man and his wife—to estrange all his sweet loves and cares of his children—and by such bitter afflictions drive him to that bloody deed from which he should never, never more recover peace—soon, I say, as governour Basset heard of this irreparable injury which doctor Wilson had done to Mr. Wiley, he so far took part with the latter, though a murderer, as to grant him a pardon.

This decision of his excellency was very different from what many of his best friends expected. And when it was one day mentioned to him, by some intimates, at his table, he made as I have been told the following remark. *"Matrimony, gentlemen, matrimony is every thing. 'Tis the sacred fountain of domestick sweets, whence all the tenderest loves and charities of life go forth to bind and bless mankind. 'Twas the first sacrament in paradise itself; and the command not to separate soul and body by murder is still not so ancient as that which forbids to separate man and wife by adultery. And though no man can abhor murder and murderers more heartily than I do, yet so all important in my estimation, is the purity of the marriage bed, that I shall, probably, never refuse a pardon to the man who kills the villian that violates it."*

Soon as the good governour Basset had signed his pardon, Mr. Wiley's friends hastened to the dungeon and brought him forth with demonstrations of great joy, as exulting in their victory over the friends of doctor Wilson. But alas! all their generous efforts in his favour availed him nothing. It all served but to prove, what to a heedless world has been proved millions of times before, that—“THE MIND IS THE MAN”—and that when the soul is deeply clouded with unrepented guilt, no outward circumstances however bright can gild the prospect. This, I say, was sadly seen in Mr. Wiley's case now before us. Though the governour had taken the halter from his neck, and his friends had hurried him in triumph from the dungeon—though the sweet air of heaven had again visited his lungs, and the day with all its

splendours had bursted on his senses, yet it would not all do. The mark of the accursed Cain still stuck to his forehead—the dark unyielding frown; the wild suspecting eye, and settled gloom which nothing earthly could dispel. The sun can dissolve the frosts of winter; and warmed by his beams, the darkest caverns of earth can glitter with living diamonds; but alas! no scenery of nature can cheer the murderer's heart, or charm that worm which knows his troubled conscience. Hence amidst those bright scenes where the soul of innocence would have warbled gay as the lark of the morning, the wretched Mr. Wiley moved along sullen and silent as the owl that curses the day. He made no stop in the streets; but in place of pausing to look around and converse with the persons and prospects he had so long been severed from, he hurried on as if afraid every one he met would "*slay him.*" And even when arrived at his own house, he still found that change of place was no change of misery, except for the worse, for it was observed by his friends that he shewed symptoms of strong agitation as he cast his eyes on the objects around him.

"Why" said he, "*did you take me out of my prison?* I was happy there. In my dark dungeon I saw nothing to torment me. But here every thing calls to my mind what I could wish to forget forever. I can't go into any part of my house but it brings fresh to my thoughts the things that have passed there. This is the room in which Nancy and I have breakfasted together so often and so happy! and that's the room where we used to sit in winter. O how many bright fires have blazed on that hearth! and how sweetly did they sparkle, as side by side or she in my lap we used to sit and talk! I was happy then. But now I shall never be happy any more. And there are the pictures which I bought with such pleasure for her! and there the looking-glasses! I loved her so I wanted to see her in every thing."

And then as if her beanteous and beloved image with all her tendernesses and loves for years had rushed at once upon his soul, he would clasp and wring his hands and cry out most bitterly—“*Oh my happiness! my happy-*

ness! tis all gone forever!" Then going on with his speech he would point and say—"and there's the room where I killed doctor Wilson! where I killed the man I loved most of all! and there's the mark of his blood! well cursed villian you deserved it! and you, damned strumpet! it was you that brought me to all this; you and your sweet doctor that made me a murderer! that turned my light into darkness, and my sweetest heaven into hell! may God's eternal curse overtake you both for it! it has overtaken one; and the other shan't run long."

'Twas in this way he used to talk to himself, with such looks and tones of deep, heart-rooted anguish, as filled the frightened hearers at once with pity and horror. The agony of his mind, from dwelling thus constantly on the baseness of his wife, and his murder of doctor Wilson, rose at length to such a pitch and rendered his life so insupportable, that he came to the resolution to lay it down. His plan for doing it was entirely in character of a murderer turned maniac. He furnished himself with a brace of loaded pistols, and travelled all the way from Lewistown to Philadelphia in quest of his wife, resolved the moment he got into her company to blow out her brains with one of the pistols, and then his own with the other. But it was not permitted him to indulge so diabolical a pleasure. For though he soon found out where she was, living with a relation; and came every day to the house, trying a variety of bribes and stratagems to gain admittance, he never succeeded! whether it was that she dreaded him as an *injured husband*, or detested him as the murderer of her gallant, is uncertain. But the fact is, and a very remarkable one too, he never got sight of her. *Finding* that he could obtain no opportunity to murder his wife, he returned to Lewistown. On entering his house, *the worm that never dieth*, which he carried in his bosom, appeared to be stirred up to ten-fold rage and gnawing—that scene, which love and friendship had so long made his heaven, now by murder and despair changed into hell, was become no longer supportable. "Well," said he to a friend who came to see him, "*I'll now go and die where I got my death's wound.*"

He alluded to the prison in whose damp dungeon he had contracted the consumption. He accordingly went to the jail, and in spite of all the remonstrances of the jailor, insisted he would go and lie down in the dungeon. His friends hearing of this strange resolution hastened to his sad retreat, and plead hard with him to go and live with them. But all in vain. He begged them to leave him, declaring at the same time that his existence was a curse, and that all he wanted was to die. He did not long wait for the accomplishment of his wishes, for after lingering about three weeks, he miserably gave up the ghost; leaving his body, by long fasting, reduced to mere skin and bone, and his countenance stamped with all the indescribable ghastliness of woe and horror.

O God! how terrible are thy JUDGMENTS against adultery! That cursed sin, which by shedding mill-dew and blasting on the fairest blossoms of wedded love, can thus arm man as a demon against man, and turn our houses into hells upon the earth! What two families were ever placed by smiling heaven in circumstances more favourable to happiness than those of doctor Wilson and Mr. Wiley? Both, abounding in all the sweets of life—dwelling side by side in the same pleasant village—and daily running into each other's houses with all the familiarity of fondest friends. But alas! soon as the guilty commerce commenced, shyness and cold dislike appeared—and then dark suspicion, and fire eyed fury filled these once happy families with tears and blood.

Where now is the gay Mr. Wiley that dressed so neat and walked so light, with health and joy ever smiling on his ruddy countenance? Lo! there he lies, a haggard corpse—wrapped in an old great coat—with matted hair and long black beard deformed—his shrivelled lips but half cover his teeth, still hard clenched in death—while his face, though cold as the earth he lies on, yet retains the dark and dismal frown of the wretched spirit which has just forsaken it!

And where is the elegant doctor Wilson—he who shone above all the youth of Lewistown, as the tall cedar of Lebanon above the trees of the forest? Alas! he is

seen no more. Adultery, like the flash of vengeful heaven, has blasted his top, and dashed all his branching honours to the dust.

Happy had the cloud bursted upon the *adulterer* and *murderer alone*. But alas! many guiltless friends are made to suffer with them. Poor Mrs. Wilson received a shock from which her gentle nature is never to recover more. Her stately dwelling, so long the abode of gaiety and mirth, is now doomed to lasting solitude and silence. There, shut up alone with her orphans, she wastes her days and nights in bitter remembrance of the past. No bright-faced husband, will ever more return to gladden her heart—no father in his smiles of love and presents in his hands to rouse his little nestlings, and fill the house with noisy delight. Pale in the tomb of the garden he lies; his fair flowing locks are burnt with the cruel pistol, and the bullet of the assassin is still cold in his brains. The tears of the mother never cease: and her children at her knees with mingling tears, often ask—"when will our father return?"

But the days of her suffering were not long! An early grave received the broken hearted mourner; and her children now eat bread at the table of their grand-father.

I have been told that at the time doctor Wilson was murdered, his younger brother James Wilson was living with him, and preparing himself by a course of reading, for the practice of the law. The horrid murder of his brother, and its dismal consequences, inspired him with such a detestation of sin, that he instantly abjured the study of the law. To be wasting his life and exhausting his talents in *righting* or *wronging* poor mortals in the matter of a little gold or silver, appeared to him but as "*strenuous idleness*," in comparison of the glorious work of dissipating the clouds of moral ignorance and stopping the progress of sin and hell in the world. He applied himself at once, to that most sublime and god-like of all studies the study of divinity, and is now the pastor of the first Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. Sin is the burthen of his sermons. To convince the

world of sin and its fatal consequenees, is his great aim. To aid his colourings, tis thought he sometimes revolves this mournful example among his own friends—a beloved brother in blood; his widow and orphans in tears; a poor neighbour in an untimely grave; and his widow a fugitive in the earth. Then, filled with deepest horror of sin and pity for its miserable victims he pours forth his feelings in strains of an impassioned eloquence that penetrates all hearts and dissolves the crowded house in tears.

CASE THE SECOND.

Mournful story of young squire Oneal and the beautiful miss Lestrange.

In the neighbourhood of Wilmington, North Carolina, there lived a rich old gentleman whose name was Lestrange. His riches were not of the hereditary and effeminating sort; they were the brave and healthy offspring of his own virtues. The credit which his HONESTY commanded, was doubled by his INDUSTRY, and trebled by his PRUDENCE; and a good wife, early married, bestowed a fourfold benediction on the whole; for wedded to her he became wedden to his home, wedded to his business, and, of course, wedded to all those good habits which, as doctor Franklin says, makes a man's way to wealth, just as easy as it is from his own door to the market.

The result of all this was, that by the time he reached his fiftieth year, he found that the poor overseer's staff with which he began the world, had, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up the lands and negroes and flocks and herds of many of his lazy, dram drinking, gambling neighbours. And yet, as Pharaoh's lean kine after swallowing all their fat fellows, did not, we are told, appear to be in any better plight than at the first; so neither, by the confession of Mr. Lestrange himself, did all this well won wealth of his seem to make him any happier than before.

"No my friends" he often said to his neighbours, "I am not happy yet. 'Tis true I have a great deal of money; fifty times as much as I ever expected; and I have

also an excellent wife, and a promising son, and two fine girls to enjoy it with me, but still it wont all do. In spite of all my money I find I am growing old and crazy—life is losing its freshness—the world is changing around me—my friends are dropping into the grave, and I know not how soon I must follow them! In such a state how can I be happy? No, I'll go to the BIBLE and see if I can find happiness there."

Accordingly in his fifty-third year he took to his bible, and read it over with great care. He there discovered the reason why he had never been happy. Formed by the all-benevolent Creator for a nobler world, his desires and capacities are far too large for this.

In the best state of things here, then, they must still heave the sigh of disappointment; and that sigh must be eternal, until they find the true good, which is no other than God. He found in his bible that all the misery of this world flows from our leaving this SUPREME GOOD, the only cure then is to come back. Hence, "*my son give me thy heart,*" is the whole of religion—and it is the whole of religion, because it is the whole of happiness. For religion, properly defined, is only the ART OF HAPPINESS. With an honest heart he set himself to seek that LOVE; and he soon found it. In short, he became a truly devout man; lived as in the society of his God; performed every duty with the view to please him; and in return enjoyed the unspeakable pleasures which spring from so exalted a friendship, and from always acting under motives so generous and Godlike. Thus happy himself, he earnestly desired the happiness of others, and particularly of his own family and neighbours.

Taught by his own experience that true happiness is to be found in God alone, and also that he had found it by reading the bible, he immediately began to read the bible and to pray in his family. He also invited the neighbouring preachers, who were principally methodists, to come and preach at his house, and a general notification was made to his neighbours.

A sermon at the house of the wealthy Mr. Lestrange, was a matter of such curiosity that none could resist it.

And not only the *poor* and the *mean*, but the *flush* and the *fair* hastened to the preaching with as much eagerness as they had ever shewn in going to a ball. Not satisfied with having sermons once a fortnight at his house, he would often have with him, for days and nights together, large companies chiefly of young persons who professed religion. For while he delighted to see youth and beauty employed in talking of heavenly things, and singing the praises of God, he also rejoiced in such persons as the best companions he could get for his dear children.

It would have seemed grievous if this good man after having done so much to bring other families to God, had seen none of his own coming also. But such sorrow was mercifully spared him. That God, who will not long be any man's debtor, soon repaid this LIBERAL SOUL with royal interest. His wife, like favoured Sarah, travailed again in her old age, with the new birth of *divine love*. And in her heaven-beaming eyes, her happy husband read the sweet assurance of that spirit which should one day renew her youth, and adorn her withered cheeks with all the bloom of immortality. And in his only son, George, as also in his two daughters, Matilda and Nancy, he discovered, as he thought, the welcome dawning of that grace which would cause them to shine as "*excellent ones of the earth, and as the polished corners of the temple.*" And to crown all his joys, many of his most intimate and valued neighbours appeared to take great delight in religion. Among these, were the wealthy and elegant Messrs. George Honer and James Oneale—and particularly this latter gentleman, who is soon to make an awful figure in our story. Being a young man not only of fortune, but also of polished manners and a sprightly turn, he had always been a great favourite in Lestrange house; and though lately married, he still associated with them as one of the family.

Here now, O reader, we behold before us a rare spectacle indeed—the spectacle of a wealthy old gentleman applying a portion of his wealth to the most noble of all uses. We behold him throwing open his spacious saloons and drawing rooms, to be consecrated by the preaching

of the everlasting gospel, and to be perfumed with the breath of heaven-seeking prayer and praise. We behold him inviting the young to his house as to a nursery of their infant devotions; himself animating them to persevere in the glorious course; listening delighted to the praises of God sounding from their tender lips; and marking with a parent's joys, the sweetness of their speech and looks to one another.

O who can think of this without secretly wishing his lot had been cast in such pleasant places—in a situation so favourable to the highest improvements of the heart?

Well, Mr. Oneale's lot was cast in such pleasant places, and in a situation so favourable to highest virtue and happiness. He was young, handsome, wealthy—married to a beautiful and accomplished woman—and, which is better still, he professed himself a CONVERT! and in that high character was confided in by good old Mr. Lestrange as a *spiritual son*, and caressed by George and his sisters, as a *brother*. What shame! what pity! what everlasting grief, that such goodly opportunities of happiness should have been lost forever, through one brutalizing, damning sin—ADULTERY!

O Joseph! Joseph! thou virtuous son of Israel! who can think of thy never dying fame without mourning the neglect of pious education! thy shepherd father taught thee to “remember thy creator in the days of thy youth;” thus early accustomed to the noblest pleasures, thou didst walk the slippery paths of youth with thoughts pure as the opening flowers, and gay as the birds of the morning. But alas! poor Mr. Oneale had no pious Jacob to teach his “young ideas how to shoot.” He never received the high and godlike education of Joseph. His worldly-minded father never aimed at any thing higher or better for his son, than what he should eat, and drink, and wear. Thus brought up in ignorance of those *feasts of knowledge and flows of holy loves*, which are the true happiness of the mind; the young man could no other than turn to the body; and seek his happiness in the concupiscences of the FLESH, the chief among which is the appetite for the SEX.

This was sadly exemplified in the case of young Mr. Oneale. He had married an elegant woman; but not

bringing to her arms that first of all earthly felicities, a pure heart, he could not follow that sweet counsel of Solomon, "MY SON, REJOICE IN THE WIFE OF THY YOUTH, and let her be as the loving fair and pleasant roe—let her breasts satisfy thee at all times; and be thou ravished always with her love."

This sweet counsel, which, if duly attended to, would have perpetuated a paradise in his family was utterly defeated by that detestable ~~desire~~ for variety which had sprung from the boundlessness of his indulgences.

How soon he began to play truant from his lady's embraces, we shall, perhaps, never know. But it was not more than eighteen months from his wedding-day before he seduced and ruined the beautiful but frail Miss Lestrangle.

This young lady was just in the full, ripe state of youthful bloom and beauty; about eighteen years of age; tall and florid; with a countenance open and inviting; and manners uncommonly gay. The wanton eye of Mr. Oneale had often wandered over her fine form with ideas of the grossest sensuality; and he had often assailed her virtue by every artifice that could be employed without alarming her suspicion or exciting her disgust. Under the cloak of friendship and colour of gallantry, he had exerted the keen lust-kindling glance; the sly *double entendre*; the deep impassioned sigh; and a thousand other wiles to explore her heart and find, or fan a spark that might be inflamed to his lascivious wishes. But her sense of natural modesty, strengthened by education, enabled Miss Lestrangle either not to notice or to repel such approaches.

The prostration of her virtue, and her entire subjection to his brutal appetites was at last, however, accomplished, and by means which one would suppose that hardly Satan himself could ever have counted on.

Among the many excellent methodist divines who from time to time preached at her father's house, was a gentleman by the name of Everitt. Under his preaching, which was uncommonly luminous and penetrating, Miss Lestrangle was struck with a most alarming sense of the depravity of her heart, her utter unacquaintedness with God, and her unpreparedness to die! As life was uncer-

tain, and death very sure, should the summons overtake her before she got prepared, what would become of her! This dreadful idea haunted her day and night. She could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for terror. "Often have I," as she repeatedly declared afterwards, "caught myself falling into sleep, and started with the ghastly recollection that if I died in my sleep I might awake in hell."

In this truly wretched condition she continued several weeks. At length a preacher by the name of Garretson came to her father's. The eloquence of this gentlemen was of a strain entirely different from that of Mr. Everitt. The one was the thunder of law-vengeance against the wicked; the other was the soft whisper of gospel mercy to the penitent. "O ye contrite ones," he would say, "*ye broken hearted mourners, how long will ye thrust away comfort from your own souls, through your unworthy thoughts of God?* O be persuaded that God is LOVE; INFINITE, UNCHANGEABLE, and ETERNAL LOVE. Having created you for his own glory—for his own glory in your eternal happiness, he will never be robbed of that glory but through your own obstinate and incorrigible impenitence. *Only repent and believe in the Redeemer!* and follow him in the new way of holiness and love and all shall be well. The sting of death shall be drawn, and hell itself defeated of her victory. For then though your sins have been as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though red as crimson, they shall be as wool."

Instantly as the man of God spoke these words, the clouds of horrour were blown away from the mind of Miss Lestrange, and floods of light and joy burst in upon her delighted senses. She leaped, she danced, and clapping her hands, she shouted again and again, "glory! glory! glory!" In this transport the shy shrinking spirit of female delicacy seemed to have been utterly lost. She appeared to have thought of nothing but to tell her friends of the great change that had passed in her heart, and to make them partakers in her joy.

With her fine auburn tresses floating down her snowy bosom and shoulders, and darting her eyes eagerly around she exclaimed "O where's my mother! my dear, dear mo-

ther!" The moment of discovering her she flew into her lap; she threw her arms around her neck; and pressing her in a strong embrace, cried out—“O my mother, praise God! praise God for me! I am converted!” giving her mother, as she said this, such looks as if her whole soul was flowing out in streams of tenderness and love; crying and laughing, by fits all the time. And then, as if not yet satisfied with telling her happiness to her mother alone, she sprang from her arms and ran about in search of some other dear relative, her father, her brother George, her sister Naney, and with them acted over again the same scene of convulsive joy; her breasts heaving and panting—her colour alternately coming and going, now crimsoned with joy and delight, and now pale and exhausted as if near overcome with fatigue.

If in this holy exstacy she had never gone beyond the circle of her relatives, and especially those of her own sex, we should never perhaps have heard the name of Miss Lestrange coupled with that of infamy. But unfortunately for this young creature, some demon, the enemy of female innocence, reminded her of Mr. Oneale. The reader has been told that some time before this, Mr. Oneale had become, or *had affected to become* a christian. In this high character he was regarded as a *son* by good old Mr. Lestrange, and as a *brother* by George and his sisters. Soon therefore as the image of Mr. Oneale was presented to her thoughts, she eagerly exclaimed “where is brother Oneale! O where is brother Oneale! and when she had found him she ran and threw her arms around his neck, crying out “O brother Oneale, thank God with me! I am happy! I am happy! O I am so happy!”

Many of her best friends, of both sexes, were exceedingly shocked at this behaviour of Miss Lestrange. But she, poor girl! did it, as would appear, in her simplicity, as thinking him a dear brother indeed who would congratulate her on her felicity. But alas! Mr. Oneale was not that *spiritual* brother which this fair saint supposed; and her virgin caresses instead of exciting the pure transports of angelick sympathy, only served to kindle higher the fever of brutal passion. To see this beautiful girl,

in whose blooming charms he had so often sought in vain to revel, now no longer occupying the high ground of female pride and reserve, but relaxed into all the inviting familiarities of tumultuous joy—passing through all the changes of impassioned delight, and in every change resistlessly enchanting; now the lilly, now the rose prevailing in her joy flushed cheek—her eyes meeting his in streams of unimaginable tenderness; while, with her lovely head reclin'd on his bosom and fondly pressing him to her swelling breasts, in sweetest accents she called him “*brother! dear brother Oneale!*

In such a situation, what wonder that his unhallowed desires should have been kindled into a fever mortal to human virtue! what wonder that in this delirium of raging blood and spirits he should have forgotten what he owed to his aged friend; and the sacred honour of his darling daughter—and requiting the warm and tender virgin with all the fatal artillery of sighs and looks, and fond embraces he should in some weak, unguarded moment have obtained of her the full fruition of all his desires! in fact he did obtain—and with sorrow unutterable we are constrained to say that Miss Lestrangle, the amiable, the beautiful, the all-accomplished Miss Lestrangle was ruined! she was ruined by a villain under the sacred garb of religion. Oh! who without a bleeding heart, can think of this poor girl and her situation when, soon as the fatal deed was done, and Mr. Oneale retired, she was left to reflect on her folly and its dismal consequences! See, where she sits, like one near reft of sense by some sudden shoek of trouble too great to bear. Her thoughts are flying over the past, the present, and the future, and in all their wretched range they meet nothing but SHAME, REMORSE, and DISTRACTION. Oh God! that SHE—in the fair morning of life; in the very bloom and freshness of her charms; with every joy before her that youth and BEAUTY could ask—tides of wealth; crowds of lovers; smiling friends; doating parents; and, beyond all this, the dawning hope of still nobler friends and joys in heaven—that in a state so enviable, so happy above millions, she should not have maintained her innocence and bliss.

but have lost all! by *one act*, one most detestable and detested act, should have lost all!—and plunged herself into such an abyss of infamy and woe. Oh miserable! whither shall she turn her soul from such piercing, such agonizing reflections! is there no chance for escape? no ray of hope that things may be better yet? no, none, none, none; no change but for infinitely worse. Her friend! her spiritual friend, her brother—cursed be his name! her lips abhor to sound it! has rendered her not only an object of eternal loathing to herself; but will soon hold her up an object of loathing and contempt to the whole world! yet a little while and the *natural* consequences of her folly must appear! and then, great God! what astonishment, what horror must seize on all who knew her!

What will her lovers, they who used so to crowd around her chariot, and so press on her whenever she appeared in publick, striving with one another for her attention, what will they say, when they hear that she whom they adored as an angel is become an harlot! And oh! how must her name, once so honoured so beloved, be now pronouneed with pity or bandied about with scoffs and curses of the whole country! and how shall she ever answer to her own sex, for the cruel suspicions which her example will throw upon them all? what youth will now ever think of marrying? “what hope is there,” he will say, “of marrying a virgin since Miss Lestrange has turned out a prostitute?”

And what shall she answer to herself for this cruel extinction of all her own happiness and glory? Formerly when she entered the church or the ball-room she entered in all the happy sprightliness of innocence. Her cheeks were all freshness; her eyes all animation’ and the air of pleasure brightening on every face proclaimed her more than welcome. But now alas! she must visit these places no more! Like the owl to the birds of the morning, her appearance would give a shock to every company; and the reddening cheeks, the silent tears, or the rude titters, of the whispering gazers would give the mortifying signal to retire.

And, oh horrible! what shall she answer to her own **FAMILY**, to each member of that dear circle which, close and warm as the fibres of her own heart, made up all her life and joy! What shall she say to her brother—her only brother—he who always doated on her with more than a lover's fondness. Alas! how can he sustain the dismal news! She sees the deadly paleness of his cheeks—she hears, from his retired chamber, his bitter cries bewailing his poor ruined *Matilda*.

And what shall she answer to her sister Naney—her only sister—she whose very life was ever bound up in her's—who was wont to watch by her bed side all night in tears if she had but a head-ache! And shall this tender sister be doomed, for *her* detested crime, to waste her days in solitude and tears; or yield her gentle life the early prey of heart-consuming sorrow?

And her **PARENTS**! O God, what has she done! her aged, venerable parents, what will become of *them*.—Bowed down, as they are, with years and infirmities—tottering on the brink of eternity—held back to life, only by the ties of love to their children, and most of all for *her*, their first, their favourite daughter; how suddenly must they now sink under the deadly blow inflicted by her dishonour! Often, with tears had she looked forward to the sad hour of separation; but still found comfort in the sweet idea that their departure would be in peace, and that the last beam from their closing eyes, fixed on her's would be bright with love and hope, triumphant over death. But alas! that dear idea so fondly feasted on is, now, no more!

Their departure is not to be in peace—nor will the last beam from their eyes, shine on her's with love and joy triumphant. Oh horrible reverse!—their dying pillows must be torn with thorns of keenest anguish; and their closing eyes be drenched with bitterest sorrows! Oh that she could die; and not live to behold the great evil that is coming upon them!—Well the way to death is easy—a vial of laudanum—a penknife—or even her girdle will do the deed. But oh! that dismal gulph beyond the grave! that “DEATH THAT NEVER DIES! her soul recoils

with terror at the thought; and she consents rather to bear "*the ills she suffers than fly to others which she knows not!*" Oh woful state that she is in! "The wages of sin is *death*," and yet she cannot die! She has sinned; yes, the most accursed of all sins, and yet the sad refuge of the grave is denied her!

Live then she must. Live to see her father's house, so long the crowded seat of ELEGANT COMPANY and joys, desolate and forsaken—live to see her brother and sister, once so gay and caressed, shunning society and hiding their *blushing faces at home!* live to see her aged parents wringing their withered hands in hopeless despair—live to hear their feeble cries, imploring mercy on their *poor ruined child*—live to behold the keen anguish consuming their scanty spirits, and weighing down their grey locks “with sorrow to the grave” and all these evils brought upon them by HER—by her, their favourite child! whom they had so fondly “cloathed in scarlet, with ornaments of gold upon her apparel,” and had feasted on dainties, and educated in all the accomlishments of a princess!!

Such were the thoughts which in quick succession darted through the soul of Miss Lestrangle, inflicting such anguish that nothing but the dread of AWFUL FUTURE restrained her from *self murder*!

In the midst of these dismal reflections, the voice of her brother, at the yard gate, calling the ostler, suddenly saluted her ear. George and his sister Naney had, the afternoon before, road over to Mrs. Honers to tea. Soon after their arrival, a servant from Mr. Sanson's arrived with tickets of invitation to the Miss Honers to the wedding of his daughter, a beautiful girl who was to be married to a captain Gale the next week.

He also had tickets for the Miss Lestranges and George, who were cousins to Miss Sanson.

When tea was over, George and Naney wished to return; but a heavy shower coming on, Mrs. Honer insisted they should stay all night; which was very much against their inclinations, for they were not only happier at home than any where else, but they were very impatient to bear the news of the wedding to Matilda.

In the morning, however, by way of surprising the family, they started by times to return to breakfast.

On galloping up to the gate with his sister, George called for the ostler. The voice of her brother, hitherto 'so musical, now served but to renew her anguish. In an instant George and Nancy were up the steps, and on entering the saloon, both their voices were heard at once eagerly asking the servants, "how is pa? how is ma? where is sister Matilda?" The wretched Matilda heard this, as also the sound of their steps running up to her chamber, and shuddered!

OH! THOU EXECRABLE GUILT! which can thus diffuse the taint of hell through the heart and all its feelings. Soon as our first mother, all accomplished Eve, became guilty, the object of all joy was turned, as we read, into the object of unutterable dread.—"And when she heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the evening. she fled and hid herself!" And behold here her daughter, after a thousand generations, soon as she becomes guilty dreads the voice of her own brother and sister, whom, till this fatal deed, it was her heaven to behold, especially returning from a short absence, and with agreeable news.

"Shame! shame! sister Matty, what not out of your chamber yet; and her have we come five miles already!" Thus cried George and Nancy at once, as they entered her chamber, all impatient to see her, and to tell of the wedding they were all invited to next week.

This sprightly salutation gave her a momentary animation, which together with the complete occupation of their thoughts to tell her of the wedding caused them at first to overlook her altered appearance and manners. But soon as Nancy cried out "what do you think, sister, what do you think. Cousin Killy Sanson is to be married next Thursday! and here are our tickets to the wedding!" I say soon as these words reached the ear of Matilda, something was heard to whisper, "yes the innocent can marry, but you have lost your innocence. And now with all your riches, your accomplishments and beauty, you must live and die neglected." Instantly in dazzling

colours, all the glory which she had lost by her folly, flashed upon her soul with a deadly, heart-sickening effect, that turned her cheeks pale and haggard, as though the dagger of death had been plunged into her bosom.

"High! what's the matter sister," said the gentle-spirited Nancy, *"if I had thought this news would have made you uneasy, indeed, indeed I would not have mentioned it."* Here George, wishing to rally her spirits, cried out, "why, bless us all, Matilda! what can be the matter? one would suppose from your looks, that you were dying in love of captain Gale yourself; you seem so troubled at hearing that he is to be married to cousin Kitty. And I am sure, my dear sister, your advantages give you a title to a lover far above captain Gale, though he is an elegant fellow too."

The wretched Matilda could not answer but with her tears, The sight of Matilda as she sat crying; soon overcame the soft hearted Naney, and melted her into tears also.

"Oh my God," exclaimed George, almost crying himself, *"what a scene of vanity this life is! Here have Nancy and myself rode five miles, post haste, this morning, to bring you an invitation to a great wedding, which we thought would have put you into fine spirits; and behold it has set you a crying!—But there's our father's bell to prayers,"* continued George, *"so come my dear sisters wife your eyes, and let us go down to our devotions; I hope they will raise our spirits."*

Naney, drying her tears, got up; but Matilda still weeping, desired George to give her respects to her father, and inform him that she was too unwell to come down. Soon as prayers were over, her father and mother, who idolized Matilda, hobbled up the stairs together to see her. If she was terrified at their reproach, they were not less shocked at her appearance. The truth is, a whole night's loss of sweet sleep, and of innocence still sweeter than sleep, had produced a dreadful effect on her appearance. Her eyes red with weeping had lost their fine lustre, casting a faint, and pity-imploring expression,

while her cheeks, sensibly emaciated, wore a dull and melancholy sallow.

The strong sympathy of these tender parents, with their disconsolate daughter, so affected her enfeebled nerves, that she turned her face aside and bursted into a fit of crying. A favourite child and that child a daughter, in such distress, was an affecting sight. With cheeks swollen with grief they hastened to her bed side. Her father in particular, placing himself by her on the bed where she sat took her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, tenderly asked the cause of her sorrows. Her tears flowed afresh, but she returned him no answer. If he was surprised at this part of her behaviour, he was still more hurt that she kept her eyes turned from him, and shewed a *strange aversion* from his embraces!

Such unnatural disrespect pained him the more grievously, because so very different from all the past. In every former ease of her sickness or sadness, his lap had ever appeared to be the refuge and cure of both. There, with her arms around his neck, and her cheeks pressed to his, she would sit and sigh, and shed her tears and sorrows into his beloved bosom. But now, she acts as though she would avoid him—her eyes do not seek his—she declines his endearments, and to his tenderest enquiries into the cause of her unhappiness she is either sullenly silent, or coldly answers that "*she is not well*." After suffering much mortification, which was the more insupportable, because so unusual, and the servants repeatedly bringing word that breakfast was waiting, the good old gentleman, deeply sighing turned away, and with a sorrowful heart hobbled down stairs. George, equally afflicted, accompanied his father; but her mother and sister Nancy, too wretched to think of eating, stayed with Matilda.

Thus, *through this one accursed sin, DEATH* came upon this tender parent and his family, I mean the *death of their happiness*; for never from that fatal morning, did they recover that, *comparatively*, blissful state, wherein they had lived so many years. So completely were they all wrapped up in Matilda, that they could never think

•of being happy while she was wretched. And every day seemed to bring with it fresh food for her affliction to feed on.

The deep gloom of the family broke up all preaching at that house—it broke up the happy little religious meetings of the young people—it chased away most of the gay visitants that used to enliven the family—and among those who visited them no more was Mr. Oneale. Having ruined poor Matilda, his *love* as he called it, was turned into hatred and contempt—and besides, he could not bear to look in the face a family, whose generosity he had so basely requited, and whose vengeance he so justly dreaded.

But if this poor guilty creature had been made so wretched, only at the idea of what might be the consequences of her criminal commerce with Mr. Oneale, what were her sufferings when she discovered that her terrors had been *too well founded!*—when she felt that she was with *child by him!*

In a creature so feeble and delicate both in mind and body, as is a young female, the symptoms of conception often excite terrors which even innocence itself can hardly sustain. Even the happy FAIR ONE who in the presence of approving parents and friends, gives herself, at the HOLY ALTAR, to the youth of her affections; even she when suddenly seized with the *heart sickening qualms and tremors*, which wedded love is heir to, is often sadly alarmed; yes, though she sees on all sides, a host of richest consolations—though she reads in her FATHER's eyes, the tenderest affection mingled with deepest respect—though she can see in her bustling MOTHER, the half smothered smile at thought of the prattling grandchild that she is soon to dandle on her withered knees—though she finds herself in the dear arms of a husband, at once the loving and beloved cause of all her alarms—and though in the eye of thought, she sees already at her breast the CHERUB-BOY, sweet image of his father, with rosy fingers pressing the polished orb, as with laughing eye fixed on her's, he swills the milky stream—yet, notwithstanding all these precious aids of innocence and love,

she still has her terrors, and sometimes even to tears and fainting; then, oh God, what must the wretched Miss Lestrance have suffered, when she felt in her womb the first leapings of that dreaded infant—that living legacy of an accursed villain—that child of shame and sorrow that is coming to expose her secret sins—to blast the glory of her name—and to break her parents' hearts!

Like one on whose frightened senses a thousand spectres had burst at once, in all the terrors of the nether world, thus looked this most wretched of women. Her hair rose in stiffening ranks above her death-pale face; while her eyes rolled in horror.

Nancy who was sitting with her at the time, marked her dismal looks, and near frightened out of her wits ran down stairs screaming to her parents to come up; *for God's sake to come up, for that Matilda was dying.*

"The Lord have mercy!" cried both of them at once, and as fast as their aged limbs and broken hearts would permit, hastened up stairs. On the floor lay their daughter, in a strong convulsive fit—with her head drawn back—teeth hard clenched—foam at her mouth—and a frantic stare on her livid eye balls!

Great God! what must her doating parents have felt at that sight, which not even the rankest libertine, (who had but seen her a few weeks before, arrayed in heavenly innocence and beauty,) could have beheld without tears! Assisted by the weeping servants, they placed her on the bed. As soon as she had recovered her senses, her father stooped down, and with a voice interrupted by sobs, asked her if they should *pray with her*. She shook her head, and with a wildness in her looks as if she was going again into fits, said, "*no, no, don't pray for me! God will not hear your prayers for such a wretch as me!*"

Her father wept aloud. After wiping, for some time, the tears that drenched his furrowed cheeks, he stooped down again, and with great tenderness, said, "*why my dear child, why will you not let your poor father know what it is that makes you so unhappy?*"

"Know!" replied she with a deep groan, "*oh that you could never, never know! but you will know it soon enough!*"

*yes miserable me! you will know it! you will know it!
you will know it!"*

In uttering this latter part her voice rose to a shriek, which ended in dreadful convulsions, from which it was with great difficulty that she was recovered.

This last fit of the wretched Matilda's, with the woful shriek and speech preceding, awakened in the heart of Mr. Lestrade a pang, in comparison of which all that he had yet suffered was a mere nothing. It is true, he had wept much on account of his daughter; but they were in some sort, sweet and precious drops, because shed over a dear child, whom though afflicted, he looked on as lovely in innocence and the care of heaven. But now, oh horrible, distracting thought! he began to suspect that his first, his fairest, his dearest child, was that vile polluted creature whom both God and man detest. What must have been his feelings, as trembling and blank with terror, he took her own mother aside to ask what could Matilda have meant when uttering that piercing shriek she said we should *know it; we should know it soon enough!*

It was made known to them *soon enough* indeed; for reposing himself one day in an outer apartment, *unknown* to Matilda, who lay in an adjoining room, he heard a succession of sighs and groans too deep and dismal to come from a holy source. Presently, opening the partition door, she came along through the apartment where he lay.

At sudden sight of her father, till of late the delight of her eyes, the blood forsook her cheek, leaving them bleached with that ghastly terror which firm-nerved innocence never knew.

None but a father can fancy what this father felt at sight of such guilty confusion on a dear-loved daughter's face. But the stroke of death itself could not equal that still keener pang which he felt, when, glancing his eye on her waist, he beheld the confirmation of all that he most dreaded and most abhorred.

It was well that he was lying down, for utterly paralyzed by that gorgon sight, his nerves would certainly have sunk under him. Like a pale murdereress, Matilda

flitted through the apartment, leaving her father to that mournful silence so well befitting the horrors of his mind. After recovering himself a little from the tremor of such a shock, he sent for his wife, to whom he imparted his fears; begging she would see their *ruined* daughter and question her.

The poor broken hearted girl could not deceive. Pale as a corpse and falling on her knees before her mother, she confessed all. She confessed that she *was with child!* Stupified with grief Mrs. Lestrangle returned to her husband. Her looks, for she could not speak; her looks confirmed all that he had too justly feared.

The wretched mother had not been able to ask her daughter for the father of the child, neither had she as yet told her. However, when asked she readily told them that it was Mr. Oneale. His guilt in this barbarous act was so aggravated by ingratitude, as to excite the indignation of the family to an unusual degree. Good old Mr. Lestrangle intreated his family to suppress their resentments; telling them that God was the only righteous avenger of his own laws, and that he thought it his duty to leave Mr. Oneale to him, as to the righteous Judge who best knew what to do with his offending creatures.

This was the last day that old Mr. Lestrangle ever saw his daughter. He sent for his sister, the wealthy Mrs. Thomson, to come over and take Matilda home to live with her till his death; for that he had made up his mind never to see her again. Mrs. Thomson thought at first that her brother had done this from *hatred* of Matilda. But he said no—God was witness, that it was not from *hate*, but, contrariwise, from *love*, for “*O my God,*” continued he, bitterly weeping, “*when I think how bright and heavenly she once was, how can I ever think of seeing her again, disgraced and miserable as she now is!*”

It does not appear that Mr. Oneale was ever touched with any thing like remorse, for all the infamy and ruin he had brought on poor Matilda. For, on hearing that she was gone to live with her aunt Thomson, he swore he would renew his visits to her. To protect them from

insult, Mr. Lestrangle advised his son to go over every evening and sit with his aunt and sister till bed time.

George followed his father's instructions; and for several evenings took his gun, but finding it troublesome he exchanged it for a pistol. The distance from his aunt's to his father's not exceeding a short mile, George generally made his visits on foot. As his last visit on this unpleasant errand, eventuated in the sudden and bloody death of Mr. Oneale, it may gratify the reader to have it stated to him exactly as it happened, which was as follows:

He had spent several weeks in these daily visits to his aunt; at length growing indignant at the idea of thus wasting his precious time on account of an *unprincipled villain*, he started up, and bidding adieu to his aunt, set off for home. The foot path which he followed soon led him into a deep forest, where every thing conspired to nurse the gloom of his mind.

The season was a silent afternoon in October. No breath of air whispered through the grove, nor leaf shook upon the trees. An awful stillness reigned around, save where the distant crow uttered at times a boding note, whose dying echoes served but to deepen the horrour of the scene. This was a situation exactly suited to the melancholy mood of George's mind; and sensibly reminded him of the still deeper gloom incumbent on his own dear family—that heavy gloom brought on by one who ought to have been the last to do them harm—by one who had always been treated as a *brother* and a *son*—and who, under the mask of religion and friendship, had completely winded himself into the confidence of an unsuspecting girl, and by villainous arts had awakened in her bosom, ere she was aware, those treacherous passions which it was too late afterwards to controul—and thus, like the accursed Lucifer, had snatched from its orbit one of the brightest stars of female excellency, and with her had quenched in endless shame the peace and comfort of a once honourable and happy family.

In the midst of such thoughts chafing his youthful soul to vengeance, he approached the main county road

that intersected his path. And behold! O mysterious heaven! at the same moment, the ill fated Mr. Oneale and his two young friends, the Messrs. Halls, galloping along the road, arrived at the same spot.

"Aye George, is that you?" cried the younger Mr. Hall to George, who wrapped in his cloak with eyes on the ground, had not yet noticed them. Roused by the above salutation, from his furious reverie, George looked up, and lo! whom should his wrathful eyes first light upon but the murderer of his family, the detested Oneale, mounted on his elegant horse, called Mayluck!

In a moment, as by instinct, he snatched the pistol from his side, and calling out as he presented it, "YOU D-N-D VILLAIN!" drew the trigger. Nine buck shot struck the body of the miserable rider and three the horse. Owing, it is supposed, to his guilty fright, Mr. Oneale was not conscious of a wound; but his more innocent horse, having nothing to divert his attention, felt the sting of the shot so severely that he ran off in full speed. Mr. Oneale, being an excellent horseman, kept his saddle, and ultimately succeeded in taking him up, after he had run about half a mile. He then felt an unusual weakness, which, at first, he ascribed to his violent efforts in stopping his horse. But feeling at the same time a strange warmth about his feet and legs, he looked down, and behold! the blood was running over the tops of his half boots. The Messrs. Halls coming up found him by the road side lying down on the grass.

Seeing him pale and bloody they hastened to him, and tenderly asked if he was hurt. "Yes," replied he, shaking his head, "*it is all over with me! George Lestrange has done my business for me—and I don't blame him for it.*" They then got him up on his horse again, and riding one on each side, supported him towards his house, which fortunately for him, was not more than half a mile off.

On the road he often called out, with sad groans, on his "*children, his poor fatherless children!—the Lord have mercy upon him; what would become of his poor children?*"

He had been to court that day; and as it was the hour at which he usually returned, his wife, one of the most loving women in the world, had been looking for him.—Soon then as the yard gate was heard to clasp, she hastened out to meet him, with her two children, one in each hand, attending her. “*O yonder comes our father!*” they exclaimed both at once, at the same time jumping and pulling their mother to go faster to meet him. But alas! soon as they saw that instead of galloping up briskly, as to a wedding, as he was wont to do, he moved along slowly, as to a funeral, with a gentleman on each side supporting him; their innocent joys were all suddenly damped with fears and mournful expectation. But when, on his near approach, they beheld his dismal state—his rosy cheeks turned to ghastly pale—deadly faint his late brilliant eyes—with his manly head, now nerveless, loose-swinging on his shoulders, or drooping on his breast—and both himself and horse, bathed with blood still gushing in torrents from his mortal wounds—what wonder that at such a sight, this tender wife sunk instantly to the earth a pale victim of despair, while her infants poured their artless cries and tears over her lifeless face.

Having no time to lose, the Messrs. Halls hurried their dying friend up to the door, and with the help of the servants got him down and placed on a bed. He then recovered his senses, and begged that the physician should be sent for. Soon as he had examined his wounds the physician shook his head, and with a sigh bid him prepare for eternity, for that he could not live over six hours.

He died in horrors unutterable. In his last moments he spoke very bitter things against his father and mother. “*Here am I,*” said he with a deep sigh, “*lying on my dying bed! in the morning of my days, suddenly cut off!* and no wonder; for this is what naturally comes from giving young fellows fine coats, and gay horses, and money, to gallop about the country into all sorts of company! *Oh had I but been early brought up to religion and some good trade, I had never come to this miserable end!*”

It appeared as though good old Mr. Lestrangle was never to have an end to his troubles; at least not until

he reached that peaceful land, "*where the wicked cease from troubling.*" For scarcely were those terrors subsided which had been raised in his gentle bosom on hearing from George that he had *fired* at Mr. Oneale in the roads, before a negro came and reported that Mr. Oneale was *dying!* No wink of sweet sleep was enjoyed by any of the family that night.

The next morning early, doctor Simkins, who was a sensible and pious man, a methodist, and a hearty friend of the family, came over to LESTRANGE-HOUSE. He found them just as they were rising from their knees at *morning devotions*. Seizing old Mr. Lestrangle by the hand, he exclaimed, "*God bless you, my dear old friend, for a practice in your family that tends so admirably both to sweeten and sublime their hearts.*"

The countenance of good old Mr. Lestrangle was already bright from *HOLY COMMUNION* with his God, but catching a still brighter glow from this approbation of one whom he so highly valued, he replied, "well doctor, if *you* are so thankful because I maintain the worship of God in my family, what ought I to be—for indeed if it had not been for *that*, we should have been run mad, by the afflictions that have lately come upon us."

Here the doctor heaved a sigh, and looked tenderly at George; whose melancholy air, and eyes that appeared red with weeping, rendered him very interesting.

"*Come, doctor,*" said Mr. Lestrangle, who had marked the doctor's sigh and looks at George, "*come tell us if God has any other trials in store for us.*"

"*That wretched gentleman is dead sir,*" replied the doctor—"he died last night, a hard and horrible death! and now I advise you, my dear boy," looking at George, "to go and give yourself up to the officers of justice immediately: and I'll go with you."

Poor Nancy, whose frightened imagination at once beheld the officers of justice seizing her brother to hang him, flew to George, and, with her arms around his neck, shrieked out most piteously, "*oh brother George, brother George!*"

Leaving the house filled with as loud and bitter lamentations as if he had indeed been going to be hung, George set off for Wilmington, accompanied by the generous doctor Simkins.

Many of the relatives of Mr. Oneale, with all the libertines of the country, made great efforts to get young George Lestrange condemned; but, to their immortal honour, the ladies of Wilmington and its vicinity, made still greater efforts for his safety and comfort. They spoke of him as the CHAMPION AND AVENGER of their sex.

His prison chamber was scoured and furnished as for the reception of the great Washington. It was perfumed with odours and garnished with fairest flowers; and every day his board was spread with dainties, and every night his bed with down.

In a little time the strength of the two parties was fairly tried in court; and the trembling youth at the bar, with all his fair friends in the crowded galleries, heard the sentence of MANSLAUGHTER!

Instantly the ladies dispatched a courier with a petition to governour Martin for a *pardon*, which his excellency signed with great pleasure. The ladies then repaired to the prison and brought him forth in great triumph, and the next day escorted him to his father's house. But though the good old father received the returning son with tears of joy; and though the *fatted calf* was killed to welcome both George and his fair deliverers; yet alas! the bright peace of former days never returned to his bosom. HIS DARLING DAUGHTER DEFILED WITH WHOREDOM!—AND HIS SON STAINED WITH BLOOD, HIS ONLY SON GEORGE WHOM HE SO DEARLY LOVED!—It was a grief too heavy for age to bear, and he was kindly removed to that state were good men weep no more. His broken hearted widow was soon laid to rest by his side.

Their son did not survive them long. Though the EXECUTIVE had forgiven him for the death of Oneale, he never forgave himself. To have assailed his poor brother man, so furiously—and so unfeelingly to have cut him off from life and wife, from children and friends, and hurried him, a bloody corpse to the grave, and his soul, in all its

full blown sins, to the dread tribunal! "THIS CRUEL ACT," as he frequently and pathetically called it, like the worm that never dieth, tortured him day and night. In a few weeks he was laid, a mere skeleton, by the side of his sister Naney; as she was, just nine days before, by her mother.

Thus did this single act of a wanton daughter involve in hellish gloom one of the happiest families that ever lived, and in less than a twelvemonth consign them all to the grave—except the fair adulteress herself. She, wretched woman! still lives to mourn her own sad fall and its dismal consequences.

Daughters of beauty! when you read the *impure glance*, in the eye of one who calls himself your *friend*, think, oh think of Matilda Lestrange—and be WISE.

How blest the maid who firmly treads
In HONOR's blissful ways;
Nor ever from the sacred paths
Of VIRTUE's dictates strays.

F I N I S.



